

## AN OLD-FASHIONED PARTY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

READER, remember you the days of juvenile parties? Not those prim affairs that are now called *entertainments*, for which Miss Lavina, aged six, sends out *her cards*, and expects none but *young ladies* under twelve, but the old-fashioned gathering where children were children, and wore short frocks and pantalettes, and called each other by their Christian names. Ah! those were the times. How joyous! how free from carking care sounded the merry little voices! They played—they romped—they overturned chairs—the house trembled at the tramp of their bounding footsteps.

And hark! the laughter grows bolder; it rises to a grand peal of triumphant fun. Let's peep at them. Do they not look pretty with their snowy robes, and careless ringlets? Yes! we are young again. We go to our first party after having dreamed and feasted in anticipation of its coming pleasures for weeks. Our little heart beats almost to suffocation; we are led into the room, where lie an awful array, bundles of bonnets, shawls, coats and caps. Somebody, we don't know who, takes off our coverings, carefully smooths down our snowy dress, and then as we hardly breathe, and the hot blood paints cheeks and brow, somebody takes our trembling hand and formally introduces us to the prim rows of juveniles sitting against the wall. Our head is dizzy for a moment; pink and blue, white and yellow, swim confusedly before our eyes; our fingers join convulsively, and it takes three long sighs and as many shy glances to restore the little bashful trembler to equanimity.

At last some bolder soul or elder sister starts a play. With considerable giggling and a sheepish face, a rosy lump of white muslin darts awkwardly at the toy and sets it spinning, calling for number four, while—oh! spirits of contradiction developing in the very bud, her blue eyes look askance in the face of some chubby Billy whose number excels four. A few moments of bewildered prettiness, and the genius of bashfulness flies, nor resumes his reign till the party breaks up. We meanwhile look on, delighted as the games progress—laughing as some witty urchin makes wry faces while attempting to kiss the shovel, or screaming as some victim seated with mock dignity between

two judges, goes slumping through his insecure seat, and lands in offended majesty upon the carpet. But good humor is soon restored by the forfeit of winding off twenty-four yards of love ribbon with one of the blushing urchins, whose sheepish glances, unlike those of the more timid (?) girl, never leave the floor, and who sneaks back to his place in the corner with his finger in his mouth.

It is the zenith of hilarious mirth, and confusion reigns supreme. Self-constituted judges award impossible forfeits; there is a hurried shutting of doors and moving of chairs. Extravagance is the order of the hour. A figure enters through the open door, that is the likeness neither of anything in heaven above or earth beneath—muffled in all kinds of garments—nodding and bowing with wonderfully accommodating inflexibility of back-bone. The ominous silence preceding its advent is suddenly broken down; a few timid ones shrink—down bends its crowned head, when some spirits of mischief seizes cap and bonnet, others pull at cloaks and coats, and lo! nodding with bold defiance, stands forth a veritable broom-stick, amid the shouts and laughter of the childish crowd.

But here come the "sweets to the sweet." Simple things they are, but bright and beautiful to the children. Silence is restored, save when some mischievous Harry poked the ribs of laughter-loving John, whose attempts to smother his fun before the elders, are ludicrous in the extreme.

Now follow the quiet chat and frolic. Mischievous in their sparkling eyes, the girls name each other's apple, and little tongues rattle—"One I love—two I love—three I love, I say—four I love with all my heart."

"Oh!" cries another, "she loves with all her heart; oh! Sarah, before I'd be you!"

"It's five I cast away;" cries the little girl, reddening, and dexterously adding another seed.

"'Twasn't, 'twas love with all my heart. Bobby, come here—I named Sarah's apple after you, and it's 'love with all my heart'—he, he."

"I'll never speak to you in all my life—so there!" cries Sarah, almost with tears.

"Sally," says a gentle voice, and a pair of soft, grey eyes look into the little flushed face,



"never be ashamed of loving with all your heart, my child—if anything is worth loving, little Sally, love it with all your heart."

"Yes'm," replies the little girl, demurely, her petulance vanished. She eats her apple, and chatters with Jenny, to whom she was never going to speak again as long as she lived.

A little drop of oil, how wondrously it smoothes the troubled waters!

Now, from my corner, I listen with childish interest to some petty scandal. It falls from rosy lips, and bright eyes drink it in. 'Tis the same thing in the tender plant that it is in the

full grown tree, full of malice and blackness. Pity 'tis that young hearts, guileless and unsuspecting as they should be, have thus early learned to pick flaws in dress and character. Do they learn it at home?

But the party, like all earthly things, must come to an end. And after the children are gone, the troubled housewife glides like a ghost through the deserted parlors, and spying here the fragments of a broken dish, and there and all over, nut-shells and apple-corings, feels, doubtless, with the preacher, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

## LALLAVEEN.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

MOONLIGHT on Archazin's river,  
Moonlight on its banks of green,  
First it shines and last it lingers  
Where I sat with Lallaveen.

Lallaveen was like the angels,  
Or as angels ought to be,  
Yet she loved me, loved me fondly,  
But she stay'd not long with me.

On the banks of fair Archazin  
Sat we in a Summer night,  
When the moon a fairy mantle  
Threw around us, wove of light.

Oh, her eyes were very lustrous,  
But from mine there fell a tear,  
For I knew she had a message  
From our Father's dark career.

And I whispered, when in Heaven,  
Near the Saviour thou wilt be,  
And it will be easier, dearest,  
Easier then to pray for me.

So I spoke, but, ah, no longer  
Earthly love her soul could win,  
For she saw the bright gates open'd,  
Through which saints of old went in.

On the banks of fair Archazin  
Walk I now in Summer night,  
When across the quiet waters  
Sends the moon her quiet light.

But my heart is sad and restless,  
And its hopes no longer green,  
But the grass is that is growing  
On the grave of Lallaveen.

## I'LL LOVE THEE IN THE SPRING TIME.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I'LL love thee when the Spring flowers bloom,  
For 'twas in Spring we met—  
The blissful scenes that round us shone  
Are fresh in memory yet;  
I know that we were younger then,  
But hearts as true as ours  
Have scarcely felt the chill of time,  
Or heeded passing hours;  
And on our day of happiness  
Joy's sun has not yet set;  
Then in the Spring time I will love,  
For 'twas in Spring we met.

I'll love thee in the Summer, too,  
For when the Spring is past,  
Thy Summer-smiles so beauteously  
Around my path are cast;  
And though the hand of time has press'd  
Relentless on thy brow,  
And age is slowly creeping on,  
Still, still I'll love thee now;  
For though our Spring of life is o'er  
Ripe fruits life's branches fill;  
And be it Spring or Summer time  
My heart shall be thine still.